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Miscellaneous.

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF THE CAUSE OF THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

[We believe it is not generally known, that the origin of the Cholera in India has been attributed to the use of bad rice as an article of food. A late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, contains the statements recently made, by the discoverer, before the London Medical Society, extracted from the London "Lancet," in which the debate which ensued, is also fully reported. As the subject is one of great interest and importance, we copy the statements relating to it; and may perhaps give some portions of the debate, in a future number.]

"The President, after the usual intimation that all the visitors might consider themselves members for the evening, stated that a gentleman present had intimated a wish to address the Society on a subject of great interest, and he, therefore, begged him to rise and explain.

Dr Robert Tytler, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and a Surgeon in the East India Company's service, accordingly presented himself, and stated, that he was prepared to submit to the members, a statement of facts of the utmost importance, in proof of an opinion which he entertained, that the disease which has been described under the name of the Asiatic Cholera, and which is said to have arisen in Jessore, in the year 1817, was occasioned and kept up in India by the consumption of unsound rice, as an article of food; and that the strongest presumption existed, that the same disease, wherever else it existed, was ascribable to the same cause. In making known in England his views on this subject, he begged it distinctly to be understood, that whether they obtained general credence, or excited warm controversy, his sole desire was, that the truth should be elicited. He was neither anxious for victory in debate, nor should feel disappointed at the failure of his position. Having thus prefaced his statements, he should endeavor to secure their attention by saying, that he was the individual who first reported to the Medical Board of Bengal the appearance of the disease in Jessore, which had since desolated the world, and had given origin to so much professional discussion. This he should presently incontrovertibly establish by the production of official documents. His course would then be to show that the disease in India was produced by the deterioration of the rice crops of the country—to point out the causes by which they had been blasted—and to afford proof that the poisonous food existed in great abundance in England, and was now selling in London in unlimited quantities, at three halfpence a pound—leaving the inference of that fact to become the subject of consideration with those who had possessed opportunities of witnessing the disease called the Asiatic Cholera in this country. Specimens of what he had purchased in London, he would first of all, lay before them, that they might know what he considered to be diseased rice. He had brought none from India, but he found, in a most respectable shop in the metropolis, precisely the same kind of rice as had, in his opinion, produced the Cholera in India, and from the cause of which disease he had given it the more appropriate name of *Morbus Oryzeus*. (Dr Tytler here laid on the table five kinds of rice—one of them, rice of a perfectly healthy character, transparent, white, and unblemished in any part, presenting to the eye an appearance of being rice of the best quality;—a second specimen, in which the grains possessed a yellowish tinge, and which was the common 'choliferous' rice, being affected, as he imagined, either with real ergot, or a modification of that distemperature;—the third was the common, coarse, or 'ouse rice' of India;—the fourth was a brown or red rice, covered with a 'tunic';—the fifth consisted of rice in its most diseased state, (being nearly black.) These were not bought separately, as he showed them, but were a division of the sample he had purchased. The grains were severally picked out therefrom, and put into the distinct heaps now shown. He should, then, assume these specimens to be a scale of good and bad qualities—edible rice, or the purest, being the plus thereof. (The specimens from zenith to zero, were here sent round the room for examination.) On the investigation of the facts connected with noxious rice, he had spent unremitting attention for sixteen years—a circumstance which gave him, he hoped, a strong claim on their attention. Now, the fourth of the specimens before them, was the red rice of Bengal, and was enveloped in a tunic, which existed between the husk and the grain, called 'kun,' and 'coora,' distinct from the grain, not easily separated from it, and admitted by all the natives

of India, to be a deadly poison. No attention whatever was paid to this tunic in England, though quantities of the grains here sold were covered by it. The great object of the natives in India was to separate it from the rice, because it produced most violent effects on the bowels. Yet it was the usual marketable rice of Bengal. Now the yellow and black grains were diseased throughout. In the red rice, the tunic alone appeared to be the seat of poison.—He would now revert to the personal topic with which he had commenced, and propounded to them, by the production of indisputable documents, that he was the individual who first saw or noticed the disease at Jessore, in a professional light. The Society would acknowledge the importance of that evidence; for from the report to which those documents referred, sprung all the reports and publications relative to the disease which was generally spoken of, as having had its origin in Jessore.—Their weight would be equally great in the discussion of this subject, even if it was contended that the disease existed before 1817—and, in fact, it must have existed before then, wherever bad rice was eaten. Jessore, however, was the pivot on which the disease, as it was known in all quarters of the globe, had been made to turn. To that point all writers referred, and it had become so important a datum, that his evidence was, he felt, under the circumstances, such as to demand, on public grounds, for the facts and opinions he had to state, the best consideration. (Dr Tytler here read extracts from documents, proving to the entire satisfaction of the Society, the point he was thus anxious to establish. He then proceeded with his narrative, having first been urged by Dr Blicke, with some degree of impatience, to show the Society, 'how it was, that the disease was owing to rice.' To that proof, Dr Tytler said, he was speedily coming.) As the facts involved very great interest on the part of others, he considered it right, first of all to eradicate any impression that he might attack individuals, or any body of men, by his statements. He meant to impugn no one, for he ascribed to the natural course of events, the disastrous occurrences to which he should refer. He made these remarks, because his opinions had been most strongly depreciated in other countries, by persons who thought that their commercial interests were affected by the diffusion of the facts he had collected. Before developing his own proofs of the morbid qualities of rice, he should lay before them the opinions of some other and very old observers of its effects. He was not the first individual who noticed its deleterious nature. After he had detected and fully confirmed, by personal observation, the fatal qualities of the rice crops of India, he became anxious to learn whether similar opinions have ever been entertained by others, and a summary of his (Dr T.'s) researches he would now lay before the Society. The first author in whom he had detected any allusion to the subject, was James Bontius, who wrote an account of the *Diseases of India*, wherein he said, 'Wheat, in my opinion, affords better nourishment than rice. Experience evinces that hot rice is not only hurtful to the stomach, but also to the brain and whole nervous system; and this ailment often induces a total blindness. Hence you will seldom or never see the Javans or Malinians eat hot rice. The principal cause of dysentery is the drinking an inflammatory liquor, arack, which the Chinese make of rice, and the *nodoluria*, or what in Holland we used to call qualiben, or qualen.—(Pages 16 and 128.) The following was an extract from a letter written by the surgeon of the *American*, English ship of war, dated Manila, November 11, 1762, published by Dr Lind, and quoted by Dr Hunter, in his essay on the *Diseases of Lascars*, p. 223. He said, that one of 'the causes of that fatal calamity,' a dreadful dropsical disease, with putrid sores, which raged in the ship, was 'spoiled rice, among other short and bad food,' which even in its best state afforded only a very poor and watery nourishment. Grose, in his *Voyage to the East Indies*, 1772, p. 48, said, that the eating of new rice materially affected the eyes. Sonnerat, in his *Travels*, quoted in the *Madras Medical Reports*, (p. 6,) said, that a disease, from which sixty thousand persons perished, was produced by eating cold rice, and curds. In Griffin's *Memoirs of Captain Wilson*, Captain Wilson in his diary said, that he was, in India, thrust into a dungeon, with one hundred and fifty-three fellow sufferers, chiefly Highlanders, of Colonel Macleod's regiment, men of remarkable size and vigor, whose only allowance was a pound of rice a day, per man. The noble and athletic Highlanders were among the first victims, Captain Wilson soon suffered, and was near death, but he exchanged his rice, one day, for grain called 'rathe pier,' ate it, and drank the liquor in which it was boiled, and immediately recovered, though greatly weakened. With this new diet also, he cured many of his fellow prisoners. (Dr Tytler continued to quote numerous other passages of similar import, from acknowledged sources, of which the follow-

ing is a brief summary.) Col Pearce wrote in a letter, dated 1781, and published five years after he (Dr T.) had ascertained the effects of rice.—'The army was not attacked with cholera morbus, until the provisions, particularly the red rice, was complained of as being of a very prejudicial quality, causing violent pains in the bowels.' In Mr Hunter's essay, rice was said to have caused much scurvy among the Bengal Sipahs, in the Carnatic, in 1783. In a memoir of Dr Bernard to the Academy of Sciences of Beziers, in November 1786, Dr B. wrote of rice.—'But does not this food (so extensively cultivated) become the secret cause of a disorder which does not show itself until after a considerable lapse of time? This observation may appear singular, since we rarely find, in medical authors, any phenomena which give us reason to suspect the salubrity of rice. If the use of rice,' he continues, 'be generally prevalent in the globe, it will not be surprising if this substance sometimes produces singular effects.' He then related the case of a merchant, who changed his diet to rice, and who felt no effect from it for several days; but then suddenly was attacked with violent sneezing, and enormous swelling of the body, with apparent sinking of the eyes in the head. A change of regimen effected a cure. On again eating rice, of which he was very fond, the former symptoms returned; and he then wholly abandoned rice, forbidding that it should ever again be served on his table. Once, however, he forgot his precaution, ate a spoonful, was seized instantly with sneezing, and was obliged to take diluents to get rid of the paroxysm. Yet, on another occasion, being very thirsty, he drank some rice water; when, after using the fluid for a few days, the swelling re-appeared. Rice eaten with other ailments, had no such effect on him; for he could safely consume rice cakes, which were only partly rice. The Count de Manse was said to have experienced very similar effects from like causes. The following was an extract from a Chinese medical book, printed about 1790, quoted in Livingstone's *Observations on Epidemic Cholera, as it appeared in China*, and noticed in the *Calcutta Med. Trans.*, vol 1, 1825, p. 307:—'In every case of Cholera, be careful not to let any congee, or rice-water, enter the stomach, for death will be the consequence.' In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, third edit., 1797, article 'Oryza,' Dr Percival observed, that 'rice is an improper diet for Hospital patients, and particularly for sailors in long voyages;' and is apt to become putrid very speedily when moistened. Dr Trotter, in 1780, ascribed the production of scurvy, on board country ships in the East Indies, to rice. Dr William Hunter gave an account of a ship's crew, in 1800, amongst whom severe and fatal anasarca occurred from living on rice, while all who had other diet, escaped.—Mr Christie, inspector of hospitals at Ceylon in 1803, stated that rice diet in European troops produced beriberi and complete paralysis. Dr James Johnson said, that the liquor retailed to seamen in China, called 'Samshoo,' obtained almost wholly from rice, 'is certainly of a very destructive nature;' and added, that its effects attracted so much attention, that his Majesty's ships, on going to China, were generally ordered to guard against it as against a poison. And, finally, Dr Blackall, of Exeter, in his work *On Dropsies*, 1813, p. 323, gave an account, furnished by a Mr Johnson, of dropsy, produced by damaged rice, in the *Asia*, East Indiaman, at Canton, and which was cured by changing the diet to bread.—Mr Bartolucci, in a work on Ceylon, 1817, p. 240, wrote, 'If rice be used soon after it is gathered, namely, within one or two months, it is by no means a wholesome food.' The rich will not eat it, but the 'laborers are so poor, that, in many instances, they cannot afford to wait for the grain becoming sufficiently seasoned. The Ceylonese complain much, if they are under the necessity of feeding for a considerable time upon the "moongy" rice, which is imported to Ceylon from Bengal.' Yet, (observed Dr Tytler, after this enumeration,) no notice of the effects which must be produced on a large scale, where bad rice is almost universal, had ever been taken in England. They seemed to be wholly unknown there. To him (Dr T.) also they were unknown until the Cholera of India made him acquainted with the noxious qualities of rice, and then by research, he accumulated the statements of others, before the Society. The history of his own experience he would now relate.

In March, 1817, after the return of the fifth battalion of Bengal Volunteers from Java, he was directed by Government to undertake the medical duties of the civil station of Zillah, Jessore, which place he reached, from Calcutta, in the April following. On the 19th of August, a native doctor came to him, about noon, to say that a native was taken alarmingly ill in a bazaar at another portion of the town.—He (Dr T.) went to the patient immediately, and found him laboring under all the symptoms of a person who was suffering from the administration of a vegetable poison—which might

have been fancied to be digitalis, or datura, (smoked with tobacco), opium, or bitter aloes, and he at once made up his mind that such was the fact. The pulse was gone, the face was livid, the eyes were sunk, the forehead was bedewed with cold perspiration, and the surface of the body and the extremities were frigid. He exhibited nearly the same symptoms as a cat which I once saw poisoned with *meeta beeka*. In this man, in short, the symptoms were precisely the same as those since ascertained to mark the Asiatic Cholera. I had no doubt, however, that it was a case of poisoning; and that it was an attempt to get rid of the man, to prevent his giving evidence in a trial for murder, at which he was in a few days to be a principal witness in the Circuit Court; for in that country they will get rid of evidence, at the expense of any crime that can be committed. I mentioned my suspicions on the spot, when an inquiry was instituted, and the villagers made confession of the melancholy fact, that ten persons, similarly affected, had died nearly in the same corner of the bazaar, and seven in another quarter; and that many more were alarmingly ill in different parts of the town. The disease was ultimately ascertained to have existed three days anterior to the decease of the native, whose case led to its detection. This man had, the day before his illness, eaten a large quantity of new rice, formed into choora. The disease rapidly spread: the whole station was in disorder; and the natives ran away in droves, hurrahing as they passed my house, in token of joy that they were flying from the horrible disease. I was seventy-two miles from Calcutta, without medical assistance. I tried at once to ascertain if the disease was contagious. I lay on the beds with the patients, I drew in their breath, I rubbed myself with their limbs, I took every means to become infected, if it were possible. Every attempt failed. I am sure the disease is not contagious. But I was quite unprepared to treat it. Till that disease broke out, I now candidly confess, I knew comparatively nothing of my profession, though I had been nine years employed in it. Nor could any one else treat it. Every thing, before then, was child's play in medicine. I date my knowledge of disease not from my graduation at Edinburgh, but the appearance of this disease at Jessore. I endeavored to eradicate the disease, by ridding the country of causes of miasma. I had all the jungle-grass cut down, and the tanks filled up, but without avail. Persons in full health were seized while walking in the roads, and died in a few hours. The time, however, soon arrived, in which I discovered reason to suspect the disease to be caused by the use of rice. On the 30th of April, as I was proceeding in the accustomed melancholy route, witnessing on all sides the ravages of death, I received a letter from Mr Watts, proprietor of an indigo factory, a short distance from Jessore, in which I was informed that several of his servants were ill with the disease, from eating new rice of the present season. I was then in my palanquin, and asked the bearer, who was running beside it, whether the new rice was hurtful? His answer, to my astonishment, was—"new rice made every one sick who ate it, and was the cause of the prevailing disease; and that he, in consequence, abstained from its use." This fact had hitherto been concealed by the natives; and I hurried at once over to the jail, and asserted among the Sepoys that they had been eating new rice. With feelings of shame they acknowledged it, and said, that 'if I would give an order, they would eat no more.' Finding I had made this discovery, the cry of 'Don't eat new rice!' proceeded from every mouth. My suspicions received ample confirmation in the jail. None were affected there but those who had partaken of the rice, and several who had recently used it, were then hourly falling sick. Yet the secrecy which was attempted to be kept, was surprising. Two of my own servants, who were ill, were with great difficulty only, brought to confess that they had eaten of the deleterious grain.—Depositions of the facts disclosed in the jail were taken by the Judge at the Court in Jessore, that a full investigation might be made. The malady permanently disappeared in the crowded jail at Jessore, (the only place under restraint,) containing upwards of a thousand persons, from the moment the use of new rice was prohibited; while it continued to rage with unabated vigor among the inhabitants of the village, who still persisted in using it as their daily food—and eat they would, either through poverty, or the love of it, notwithstanding the horrible effects it was producing around. I will now mention some cases in which the bad effects of rice were strikingly apparent. The following instance occurred at Allahabad, and was communicated to me upon unexceptionable authority. Towards the end of June, 1818, three young men, brothers, barbers by trade, proceeded to the village of Daroogunge, to shave pilgrims who came to bathe in the Ganges. At that time, a boat happened to arrive from Bengal, laden with red rice, for sale. These brothers purchased a rupee's worth, returned to Allahabad, cooked the rice, and partook of it. They were immediately seized with the prevailing distemper. Two died in twenty-four hours, and the third was dying. On being asked why, with such facts before their faces, the natives still ate rice and denied it, reply was made, that those persons would be severely punished, by their relatives, who acknowledged the disorder to arise from rice. The following is an extract from a letter, which I received from Lieut. McKinnon, Honorable Company's twenty-first Regiment:—Your letters respecting the Cholera Morbus, bring a circumstance to my recollection,

which took place at the period that that fatal disease was committing such ravages amongst the bearers and camp followers of the grand army. A servant of mine got leave to visit his native village for a month; but he came back in a few days, saying that fifty people had died in the village, from eating cheap rice, lately arrived in boats from Bengal; and he was so prejudiced against it thenceforth, that he could not bear the sight of it.—It has been objected to my opinions respecting rice, that it could not be the general cause of Cholera in India, because it was known to occur on board some ships which had sailed without any rice on board, and yet had the disease before reaching shore. I discovered a reply to this, in the fact communicated to me, in September, 1820, by Mr Barnett, the surgeon of the *Lady Carrington*, which vessel, having had no rice in her, when a long way from land, met with a pilot schooner, out of which five bags of reddish rice were bought, and the disease commenced violently two hours after the first meal. It now came to be important to me to perform some direct experiments in support of my opinions, and this I did. (Dr Tytler here read an account of some experiments, well attested and authenticated, performed upon goats, in which symptoms closely similar to those of the Malignant Cholera in the human being, were produced by the administration of a coarse description of rice as food. Want of room in this report compels us to abridge our notice of them to this statement. He then proceeded to another division of his subject.) With regard to the question of contagion, he said he had nothing more to say than he had already stated. Other causes for the occurrence of the disease might, he said, exist. He did not attempt to deny that. He meant to confine himself to this avowal, that the disease which he had seen in India was produced by the use of noxious rice, and to prove that point, he had come before the Society. Was the Society satisfied of the fact, that a deleterious property existed in rice?

The President intimated, that there could be no doubt of it.

Dr Blicke. Certainly there is no doubt of it. It was known ages ago.

Dr Tytler. That gentleman says 'ages ago.' I don't understand him. Whatever was known, nothing was acknowledged, of its effect in producing Cholera, and I have throughout met with the most extraordinary opposition to my position. Have I, therefore, established, to your satisfaction, the fact, that the rice of commerce is capable of producing serious morbid effects?

The President. Yes; and to pursue that point further, would be a waste of valuable time. Now, therefore, we are desirous that you should prove how it is that the rice crops suddenly had the effect of producing the Cholera at Jessore, in, and not before, 1817.

Dr Burne. Dr Tytler has said that the Cholera may arise from many other causes.

Dr Tytler. I did; but that no doubt may exist as to my opinion of the cause of the disease commonly known in India as the 'Asiatic Cholera,' I have named it 'Cholera oryza.' (Dr Tytler then proceeded to show, by extracts from various sources, that the 'Cholera oryza,' (malignant Cholera) had occurred in numerous quarters of the globe, in which common rice was an object of traffic. His quotations were too numerous to be given in our report. His references were presently interrupted.)

Mr Field. How did the rice get to Russia, where the disease was so violent?

Dr Tytler. I am coming to it. I can't travel all over the globe at once.

The President, however, here rose for the purpose of suggesting the propriety of an adjournment, the usual period of debate having arrived. He never saw a meeting more promising to science, the Society, and himself; and he hoped that the next would be as well attended. They were greatly obliged to Dr Tytler for his presence, (hear, hear,) but as it seemed probable that his further statements would occupy another hour, he thought it would be best to request his attendance again next Monday, instead of pursuing the subject further at present.

Dr Blicke said he would move an adjournment, with the request to Dr Tytler, especially as he (Dr Blicke) thought the debate was likely to take a very interesting turn, (hear, hear,) and many gentlemen were now obliged to leave.

This was seconded, and carried unanimously. The meeting then separated.

On the succeeding evening, the meeting was so fully attended, that many of the members were unable to obtain seats. The disclosures made at the last meeting, had excited a degree of interest and curiosity. The statements made to-night, materially increased the feelings awakened on the subject, and an extent of conviction was created in the minds of the audience, such as is rarely produced at so early a period in the development of novel statements before a scientific Society. Nearly seventy gentlemen, of the highest respectability and character, were assembled; and amongst this large number, expressions of dissent to the views of Dr Tytler, came but from two gentlemen—with what degree of justice in those instances must be estimated from the report. In fact, the tribute of credence paid to Dr Tytler's statements and views, was very marked. Many individuals, we know,

attended with a feeling that they should unequivocally oppose them; but scarcely a disbeliever left the room, if we might judge by the tokens of approbation elicited. He, this evening, resumed his narrative, and replied to some remarks, (with more simplicity occasionally than force—the error of an unpractised debater;) but time put an abrupt end to the comments, and Dr Tytler, therefore, promised to attend next Monday, to undergo such further interrogation as might be instituted by the meeting. We now give as full a report of the proceedings as possible.

Dr Tytler (having first of all presented to the Society, an arrow-head which he had extracted from the left mastoid process of a Sepoy, who recovered from the accident,) spoke thus: "I will now, gentlemen, proceed from the spot at which I left off last evening, when detailing the history of the disease in India. Having, as I told you, satisfactorily discovered the deleterious effects of the rice at Jessore, I was directed by general Orders in Council, passed in September, 1817, to leave that district, and proceed to the Upper Provinces, to take charge of the medical duties of the civil department of Allahabad. I did not, however, leave Jessore until the 22d of October, following, and it is an important fact, that while I was the first individual who saw a case of the disease in that district, so it fell to my lot to witness the first case which occurred, many months afterwards, at Allahabad, whence a new stream of the virus was poured, as from a new centre. The reason why it broke out in the latter station, I will now describe. When I reached Allahabad, which was in January 1818, no disease of any description existed there, either amongst the European inhabitants or the natives residing within that populous city and its immense suburbs. Some time previous to that period, the Upper Provinces (Allahabad included) became exhausted of their usual supply of food, in consequence of the quantities which were required there for the use of the troops in the field. To compensate for this deficiency, the exportation of rice was encouraged by means of a bounty placed on its importation into the higher stations of India, and a supply of that grain was at once directed to them from Calcutta. Now Allahabad was the first of those stations at which the bounty rice was landed. In my journey from Jessore, I went to Calcutta, and thence to Allahabad; and it happened that the boats containing the rice were leaving Calcutta at the same time as myself. Consequently we were on the river together. But my boat outstripped the rice boats, and I reached Allahabad some time before the rice. I arrived there in the month of January, and found grain of all kinds exceedingly scarce.—Even the worst and coarsest sort of rice was so scarce and dear in Allahabad, that the mass of the population could not purchase it. I forthwith went to the magistrate, and told that the rice was on its passage, and informed him of my opinion of the effects it would produce when it arrived, should it be sold and consumed. Now observe; up to this time and on to February and part of March, not a single case at all resembling Cholera had occurred. In Allahabad or its neighborhood, Cholera indeed was scarcely known even by name to the natives. But in March the arrival of the boats took place; their cargoes were landed, the rice got into the markets, and was every where sold; and exactly what I had told the magistrate would occur, and had warned the incredulous people against, took place. My cautions to them had no effect. They heard them with astonishment, and refused to attend to them, and thenceforth Allahabad became a second great focus for the dissemination of the disease. The first case which I witnessed there was that of a waiting woman, who was attached to the family of Mr Henry Shakespear, the judge and magistrate. It occurred on the 21st of March, and I felt it my duty at once to announce it, and my opinions on the subject, in a letter addressed to one of the Calcutta journals, the *India Gazette*, in which paper it was published. Immediately after, this disease spread all over the town with a greater or less degree of violence, precisely as fresh supplies of rice arrived from Bengal, and were opened for sale in the bazaars. The disease at the same time made its appearance in all the neighboring villages, and in every part of the district to which the rice found its way. In six months, ten thousand persons died in the environs alone of Allahabad.—Yet, astonishing as it may seem, no injunctions could induce the inhabitants to desist from eating this poisonous food.—I now arrive at a point which requires that I should detail to you a most important fact. At my urgent suggestions, the rice was kept out of the jail of Allahabad. The magistrate prohibited in the strictest manner, the sale of rice to the convicts; a little had already obtained admission, but the moment its further entrance was stopped, the disease, which had begun there in one instance, was checked, and not two persons died in that jail during the whole of the six months continuance of the disease in that city, though there were seven hundred prisoners within its walls; and this, too, at a time when the convicts worked in the very streets of a city which the disease was thus scourging. (Dr Tytler here read a letter from Mr Shakespear, the magistrate, fully attesting the truth of these statements.) Well, I continued five years in Allahabad, during the whole of which time no rice was admitted into the jail but what I personally approved of, and during which period it was entirely clear of Cholera, though that was not the case in any other jail in India.—I will now proceed over the rest of the ground that I intend to travel at present, pretty quickly. But, previously, I will advert to one

point which strikes me at this moment, and which refers to the year 1818. It has been said, and may be urged as an argument against me, that the disease was introduced into the Mauritius by the *Topaz* frigate. No statement, however, can be more unfounded, or more pernicious in its consequences. The facts are these. In the year 1818, the inhabitants of the Mauritius suffered greatly from destructive fires which occurred in the Isle of France. Feeling for their distresses, the merchants of Calcutta sent them, as a present, large quantities of the pernicious rice of 1817. It went from Calcutta to Port Louis, reached its destination in 1818, and came into use in 1819, and immediately the Cholera broke out amongst the slaves of the island, who suffered tremendously. A committee of medical officers was immediately called by General Darling, who (probably from what he had seen in the Indian newspapers) directed their attention to the effects of rice as food. But they said that they had no reason to apprehend that the cause of the disease was in the food. No cause for the disease was, therefore, recognised by them. Of this committee, Dr. Burke, the present inspector-general of his Majesty's hospitals in India, was president.—Well, in 1830, I met Dr. Burke in Calcutta, and had an interview with him. He told me that he was particularly anxious to see me on the subject of the rice, and I accordingly laid before him the facts I had accumulated. He examined them carefully, said he was perfectly astonished at them, admitted that there could be no doubt as to the real cause of the disease in the Mauritius, said that my opinion had hitherto not been understood, gave me many facts and arguments in confirmation of the disease on that island having been produced by the rice sent from Calcutta, added that he considered my statements and conclusions to be of the utmost importance to medical science, that they were particularly valuable to medical officers in the charge of troops, and, finally, authorised me to state his opinions to this effect, in his name, to the Medical Society of Calcutta. I now revert to the point from which I deviated to state these facts.—In 1823, I left Allahabad, and reached Calcutta in the April of that year. On my arrival, I was examined by the Medical Board of that Presidency, with reference to the question before us, and for five hours was under interrogation respecting it. What was the result? Why, the Board acknowledged that my facts were incontrovertible, and that my arguments thereon were valid; but they came to the conclusion, that though the vitiation of the rice was so great, and produced such dreadful effects, it was an evil of too great magnitude to admit of a remedy—and there the matter ended.—In October, 1823, I reached Batavia, on my road to Bencoolen I having been appointed chief-surgeon of Fort Marlborough; and here I come to the mention of some important facts which were furnished to me by Captain Bowie, commander of the brig *Elizabeth*, showing the deleterious nature of the vapor arising from rice, on the crews of vessels, in the holds of which, large masses of that grain are confined. The facts are contained in a letter, which was afterwards published in the *Calcutta John Bull*, December, 1823. In this place I will take the opportunity of observing, that it has been remarked that I have not proved the disease in England to be the same as that in India. True, I have not, for I have seen no case here; but I will tell you what are the symptoms of the disease in India, and it will be for you to say whether they are identical. The symptoms are the total absence of pulse, rigidity of the skin, and, as far as can be seen in a native, lividity of the nails, sinking of the eyes, collapse of the face, dreadful spasms of the limbs, particularly of the toes and legs, which the natives attempted to relieve by binding themselves tightly with ropes; cold perspirations, and discharges of a whitish watery liquid.

On the 30th of November, 1823, I reached Fort Marlborough, on the Island of Sumatra, and took charge of the hospital of convicts at Bencoolen, who were transported from India to that place. Sumatra produces large quantities of *ladang* paddy, or rice which grows on the sides of hills without water. This paddy is consumed by the natives of Sumatra, while the convicts are fed with the rice from Bengal; and when I arrived, the convicts were eating that particular kind of rice which I had discovered to possess deleterious qualities. The consequence was, that the hospital was filled with the most dreadful gangrene—a gangrene so horrible that I know not what to call it, which will adequately express the shocking nature of the disease. At my suggestion, Sir Stamford Raffles, of whom you must all have heard, ordered the diet to be changed; and a more nutritious and wholesome aliment was accordingly given out, the result of which was that the gangrene wholly disappeared. This was reported to the Bengal government. I now skip on to the month of January, 1832, at which time I had charge of the 50th Regiment of Native Infantry. That corps left Gorakhpore, in Northern India, for Barrackpore, at the Presidency of Calcutta; in consequence of the difficulty of carriage, I was under the necessity of sending my sick and the greatest part of the hospital stores to Calcutta, while the regiment itself was marching by land. When the regiment reached Chuprah, it was suddenly ordered into the field, in consequence of the Cole insurrection. I was thus placed in the most difficult situation that a medical man could stand in, having only a limited supply of medicine with me for an ordinary march. At Tikoo we were joined by a detachment of cavalry, and some European artillery. These troops, in-

cluding the departure from Gorakhpore, marched several hundred miles through what is considered as the most unhealthy part of India—the very worst jungles of that country—and it was anticipated that the whole of the regiment, which was a very fine one, would perish in the wilderness, or fall victims before the campaign was completed. This march was accomplished between the twelfth of January and the first of May, when the regiment was divided, and at that time, only one Sepoy had died, and no cholera or pestilential disease raged amongst the troops. Yet the only precaution that I took during this tremendous march, was that of warning the Sepoys against the indiscriminate use of rice, while the expenditure of medicine in the campaign, under that caution, was literally nothing. After the regiment divided, the right wing, with which I was marching to Barrackpore, was again ordered into the field, in the Jungle Mehauls, and entered on a fresh campaign, against Gunga Naraini Sing, and the rebellious Chooars; but so little were the troops affected with sickness, that they reached Burrabazar on the 12th of May, 1832, and, on the fourteenth, though only three hundred strong, defeated and dispersed Gunga Naraini Sing's army, consisting of nearly five thousand armed Chooars, which suddenly attacked our camp on that day.—In June, the right wing of this regiment proceeded to Bancoorah, and was exposed to the whole of the rains, in temporary huts.—Yet no Cholera made its appearance in those troops, although they were huddled close to the walls of the jail, where the Cholera prevailed to an immense extent. This then was exactly the converse of what occurred at Allahabad, as I was now in charge of the troops, and another medical officer in charge of the jail. Mr Cheek, the surgeon in charge of the jail, asked my opinion respecting the existence of the Cholera in his hospital. I pointed out to him the presence of the deleterious rice in his jail, and showed him the documents I have now shown you; and to prove to him that the disease was not contagious, I inhaled the breath of one of his worst cases. The consequence was, that Mr Cheek recommended to the magistrate that an alteration should be made in the diet. It was thereupon changed, and the effect was, that the disease almost wholly disappeared during the time that the alteration in the food continued. These facts are proved by the documents I now hold in my hand for the inspection of any one who would like to peruse them.—This concludes the facts I will, at present, intrude upon you with respect to India; but, before I leave the subject, I will present some to you which occurred in other quarters. In August, 1832, a fearful disease raged in the prison at Charleston, in the United States of America, consequent on a change of diet amongst the prisoners, from potatoes to rice. The facts are these: on Friday the diet was changed, and on Sunday the jail hospital was filled with patients. These facts are detailed in the *Columbian Centinel*, which is now before you.—In 1832, the Cholera prevailed very destructively in Paris, during which rice was distributed in charity, by order of the municipal authorities. Here then, the rice is traced to Paris, (where it must have been before the Cholera broke out,) and in 1833, the same disease in London; and in the shops of this city, the vitiated rice is selling at the rate of three halfpence a pound. I maintain, that my opinion is based on as solid grounds as any ever delivered in medicine. If, unfortunately, I have failed to produce conviction in your minds, as the facts are certain, it is rather because I am not equal properly to place them before you, than from any deficiency of weight on their part, or want of intelligence on yours. If such should be the case, the blame must wholly rest with myself.—I have now only one thing more to explain, and that is, the mode in which the diseased rice is brought into this and other countries. Previous to the year 1813, the trade between India and Britain was solely in the hands of the East India Company, whence it was called "the Company's monopoly;" and the revenues of India being entirely in the hands of the Government (that is, the Company,) only the best articles of produce were exported from India; for the producers did not find with the Government any sale for the refuse produce of their lands. It was not the interest of the Company to trade in bad articles. Hence the rice exported under the Company's monopoly, was the best that could be procured. Hence, also, the Bengal rice then possessed a high reputation in Europe.—But, in 1813, the whole state of commerce became changed. The trade with India was suddenly thrown open by the modification of the Company's charter by the Parliament of Great Britain; and from that event must be dated the exportation of bad rice from India into Europe. The free ships which reached India, in 1814, 15, and 16, were supplied with cargoes of rice which had been accumulating in the markets of Calcutta from want of a sale for it. Now, in 1817, the rice crops, injured by the following causes, were reaped:—First—The grain was blasted by the unparalleled wetness of the season in which it was grown: and, secondly, it was cut before it was fully ripe. The reasons why it was so cut were these;—the necessities of the natives were very urgent before the harvest was ready, the crops of the preceding year (1816) having failed; and an encouragement was given by the allowance of the bounty I have before mentioned, to reap too soon, in order that the owners might send the grain, for sale into the Upper Provinces. In 1818, an Act of Parliament was passed, opening the trade direct between India and the ports of the Mediterranean, and imme-

diately an immense quantity of the rice of 1817, was exported into Gibraltar, Malta, &c., whence it got to Cadiz, and the result was, the well-known disease which broke out amongst the Spanish soldiers, in 1819. It produced so dreadful a pestilence in that army, as almost to destroy it. Since then, a market has been found in Europe for the refuse of the rice crops of India, which did not previously exist: as it is the object of the free traders to buy cheap, that a ready sale may be obtained, while it is a great object with the natives of India to sell the traders whatever is not disposable in India. Annually, an immense quantity of rice is grown, which used to be considered so bad in India, that it was thrown into the rivers. That rice is now saved, and is brought over in vast loads to Europe, and sold and used as food. Almost every grocer's shop in England contains it, and it has become a common food with the pauper population of this country. From Britain, quantities of it are carried to the Continent, besides which it is carried direct from India to France in French bottoms. It is taken to Trieste, whence it finds its way over Germany, and is carried through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea to Odessa, whence it is conveyed all over Russia; and as land carriage is excessively dear in India, and water-carriage comparatively cheap, immense quantities of this rice are carried to Batavia and other ports of the eastern islands, where it is embarked on board of Dutch and Hamburg bottoms, and thus makes its way into innumerable other ports of Europe. Hence, by means of the free trade, and the peace which succeeded the battle of Waterloo, (for it was that, don't you see, which opened the Continent,) a market has been found for the very worst descriptions of rice, which was not in existence anterior to the year 1813. The disease and the free trade, therefore, unhappily accompanied each other.

Such, gentlemen, is the outline of the events on which my opinions are founded. I could easily fill it up at great length, but this I refrain from doing, for it may be perfectly clear to you without. If, however, any part is doubtful or obscure, I will endeavor to explain it, on an intimation to that effect. I have at present only to return you my grateful thanks for the attention and liberality I have experienced during these two nights. Gentlemen, if the Napoleons and Nicholases of the age are to be handed down to posterity as destroyers of the human race, shall not this Medical Society receive its share of commendation for preventing further slaughter through this dire pestilence? This you will have done, by allowing a perfect stranger to come before you, whose only claim was his avowal that he had truth to declare. You have listened to that truth with a degree of liberality, which, I will not say, is unparalleled, but never surpassed by any body of men whatever; and while I return you my personal acknowledgments, I feel that I stand upon higher ground; and avow that I am proud to belong to a profession which can boast of men, who, without prejudice, can come to the investigation of a novel question, as the members of the London Medical Society have done.—*Loud and general applause.*

SELECTIONS FROM LORD BACON.

"Philosophers in all cases endeavor to render the mind too uniform and harmonical, without inuring it to extreme, and contrary motions—whereas, men should rather imitate the prudence of a lapidary, who finding a speck, or a cloud, in a diamond, that may be ground out without too much waste, takes it away, or otherwise leaves it untouched; and so the serenity of the mind is to be consulted, without impairing its greatness."

"That mind is truly sound and strong, which is able to break through numerous and great temptations and disorders—whence Diogenes seems to have justly commended the habit, which did not warily abstain, but courageously sustain; which could check the sallies of the soul on the steepest precipice, and make it like a well broke horse, stop, and turn at the shortest warning."

"It is of the greatest importance to the honor of Learning, that men of business should know, that erudition is not a hawk which flies high, and delights in nothing but singing; but that it is rather like a hawk, which soars aloft indeed, but can stoop when she finds it convenient, and seize her prey."

There are sorrows, during which, it seems as if time, which never ceased before, delighted to stand still. It is thus with those who are suddenly bereaved of happiness, without entirely losing the hope of regaining it. They wait impatiently for the decision of destiny—they watch the stream of events, but it passes peacefully by them; and time and chance, that come to all, seem never to come to the unfortunate.

I believe in love—in devoted, enduring, inextinguishable love: I believe in attachments which know no variation, except from hope to despondency: I believe in tenderness uninterrupted through years of trial—in truth, unbroken through years of temptation: I believe, in short, in affection which though circumstances may diminish, time itself can never subdue.

The flowers of life are fruitless; most of them wither and leave no trace behind; of the remainder how few yield us any fruit, and of the fruit how little ripens.

Language is only the vehicle of ideas, and the study of it, therefore, only a means to an end; and we suspect that few who are not habitually impressed with this undeniable truth, will become men of erudition. We do not question the importance of minute criticism; we admit that without it, the whole meaning of an author cannot be developed; and that the lights and shades of expression which it brings out, are really lights and shades of thought, constituting an essential element in the graces of foreign literature. But most readers are utilitarians, of the amount of meaning which they lose by an accuracy not absolutely finished they are necessarily unconscious, the quantity which they gain will seem enough for their purpose; and, unless they possess a sensitiveness of taste seldom to be found, and read in order to gratify their perceptions of the beautiful, they will feel little inducement to brace themselves to the long barren toils of the professed linguist.—*Monthly Repository.*

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. The greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters. But what an absurd thing it is, to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities; to observe his imperfections more than his virtues.

Never say that Time is of equal length: the movement of the hours is as irregular as the beating of the heart which measures them.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

MR. EDITOR,—The golden glories of a day like this, raise our senses almost into ecstasy. Our steps seek the open fields, for pleasure; and health seems to breathe in every breeze, delight to float on each sunbeam. The lips and the pen alike celebrate its praises, and the soul of man speaketh grateful things. When I went out, an hour since, to taste the freshness of creation, how lightly did my heart beat in my bosom—how keenly did my weary spirits and disordered frame hail the bounties of Nature's God. Life is, indeed, a good; and all things speak it. There is something in the light, frosty air of a morning like this, more productive of animation, more "redolent of bliss," in short, to me; than all the enervating richness of a June sky. The latter subdues the temperament. The winter brilliance elevates and expands it, till mind, heart, and soul, rouse up, and gush forth with sympathetic energy. We scarcely think of the possible shadows of the coming noon, or of the too certain, chilly damps of the evening air. But yet it is good for us to appropriate the pleasures of the day, to the purpose for which it was given, to honor the Lord for his goodness, and to enjoy all his gifts with an unclouded spirit. The praise of a free spirit, surely belongs to it, and the gratitude of a redeemed one, maketh it rich with everlasting promise and blessings. How should a man fail of a just tribute to his Maker? The glory of God compasseth us about, every way; and poor, indeed, is his spirit, who cannot praise and adore the manifold expression of Him in all things. But alas, the spirit of man is after all, too earthly, to soar long and wisely, even on a day like this. In a little while, it sinks into a more listless mood; and the glory departs from us. And it is wisely ordered, that if with pure and glowing hearts, we ascend almost to the firmament—that reflection, solid, and multifarious reflection should steal upon us in a day when the sun hideth himself; when hovering at our fires, we find our spirits chastened, and our thoughts wandering amid perplexities. Then comes thought, deep and powerful, upon the gathering majesty of a snow-storm, perhaps. There is a vastness and magnificence in the scene—the congregated myriads of flakes flying in the air—which no circumstance nor condition should drive from the mind. The "ruler of the inverted year," comes like a glory and a power: the Infinite seems bodily before us; the Eternal moving around us. And how calmly and with what humility, yet steadfastness we muse, at night, over the departed glories of the wintry day. "A spirit stand up within" us. It is the Living God, calling to us amidst darkness and the watches of the night. Earth fades from us, and God alone is there! Grace and beauty sit upon the enchanting landscape of the summer day; but Glory, and Power, Grandeur, Majesty and Duration, speak to us from the depths and stillness of winter,

where there is little to direct the inner man from the worship of his Creator; and even sin is rebuked by the dying glories of the time. To a mind rightly directed, "the end of all things" is ever at hand. To him who is at peace with his Maker, "seed-time and harvest, summer, and winter," are all seasons of enjoyment. Creation travaileth of its glory for his senses, and his soul is stayed on God. Let philosophers and poets put forth their fancies, till the earth reels under their speculations; but surely the beauty of holiness, as well as its power, is well expressed in that beautiful ejaculation of a devout heart. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace—whose soul is stayed on Thee." Our duties are placed before us, too plainly, to be tritely recorded at the close of such brief remarks as these. The past year admonishes us—the glories of creation call to us, from their places. The spirit strives within us; saying, "how can a man be just before God?" Who, then, can lie down at night, after such a day as this, without that thankfulness and humility which keepeth a man trusting, and looking hourly to Him, who made all things, and who upholds us by the power of his spirit? Such are my reflections, and sensations on this most brilliant and beautiful of winter days. A. E.

For the Literary Journal.

DREAMS AND REVERIES.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." "Life," said Pindar, "is only the dream of a shadow, which paints all the nothingness of man."

It is well known, that the ancients had great faith in dreams, and although their ideas of a future state were so much more shadowy and indistinct than ours, yet they imagined the will of the gods was often revealed to mortals, in this manner.—There is at times, a truth and reality in our sleeping fancies, of which we can scarcely divest ourselves, when we awake; and the imagination is so vividly impressed at the first moment, that it seems to float in a world of its own; and gives to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name."

The mind, refreshed by the repose of the body, is more purely ethereal: abstracted from all sensible objects, it exists in an atmosphere of its own, and breathes a greater portion of its divine essence. "So much the rather, thou celestial light, shine inward, and the mind with all thy powers irradiate."

In such moments as these, Shakspeare's rare and beautiful creations might have originated. His "dainty Ariel," his "Titania and Oberon," with all the host of fairy beings, "that in the colors of the rainbow live."

It was during this complete abstraction of mind, this repose of the senses, that the sages of Greece studied the nature of the Divine Essence, and gave those lessons of virtue and wisdom to their disciples, which have been the admiration of succeeding ages. Plato, in his beautiful temple on the promontory of Sunium, which overlooked the Egean sea, gemmed with its innumerable isles, and resplendent with beauty, arranged and combined the elements of his philosophy; and the sequestered groves of the Academy, by the number and ardour of its votaries, gave farther proofs of the genius of its illustrious founder.

Of all nations that have ever existed, the Greeks appear to have been the most ethereal in their nature. As orators, poets, painters, sculptors, their visions of ideal beauty soared above all others. The beautiful mythology of Greece, so full of imagination and poetry, where every fountain and river claims its nymph and its naiad; the miracles of art; the poems of Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, all attest their astonishing powers. May we not hope that this beautiful country, so highly gifted by nature, in its delicious climate, its Tempe, Parnassus, Arcadia, and Castalian fount; may be restored to its pristine loveliness?

"As when the Phenix, wondrous bird unborn,
Visits the glowing kingdoms of the morn;
Gives to the sun, in gay confusion rolled,
His thousand hues, vermillion, azure, gold;
His form divine, transcendent glories deck,
Flame on his breast and tremble on his neck—
Majestic to the breeze his pinions wave,
And sparkles the bright crown, that Nature gave."

For the Literary Journal.

CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF SHELLEY.

The poetry of Shelley has been but little read in this country, and is, indeed, of a nature too abstract and spiritual to become popular with the majority of readers in any country. Yet, Bulwer, in his late work on England, has attributed to it, a higher and more powerful influence than to that of any other poet of the present age, Wordsworth alone excepted. Those who have read the poems of Shelley with attention, will not be greatly surprised at this assertion.—They are formed to produce an impression on minds of a certain class, that may not soon be obliterated. His phraseology is remarkably rich, varied, and beautiful; and his imagination luxuriant and inventive: but the principal charm of his writings consists in that liberality of thought and of feeling, and in that enlarged philanthropy which inspires every line, and makes us the more deeply regret that with so much that is excellent and true, much also is blended that is pernicious and false. Bulwer has drawn the following very just distinction between the writings of Shelley and of Wordsworth. "Wordsworth," he observes, "is the apostle and spiritualizer of things that are—Religion and her houses—Loyalty and her monuments—The tokens of the sanctity that overshadows the past. Shelley, on the other hand, in his more impetuous but equally intellectual and unearthly mind, is the spiritualizer of all who forsake the past and the present, and with lofty aim and a bold philanthropy, press forward to the future."

From his earliest youth, Shelley appears to have discovered that ardor in the investigation of moral and metaphysical truth, that contempt for prejudice under all its modifications, that indifference to the opinion of the world, when opposed to the convictions of his own reason, and that independence of thought and of action, which characterised him through life; drew upon him so much censure; and involved him in so many embarrassments. His acute and penetrating mind soon perceived with indignation and astonishment, the injustice and the wrongs that were perpetrated under the sacred names of Religion and of Law: and untaught by experience to distinguish between the real and the apparent, the essential and the accidental, his hatred of oppression and hypocrisy led him into the opposite extremes of infidel and revolutionary principles.

How appropriately has Luther compared the human mind to a drunken peasant on horseback; who, when you prop him up on the one side, falls down on the other. Though expelled from the University of Oxford, for the publication of his sceptical opinions, and suffering under the deep resentment of his father, incurred by his apostacy, Shelley still continued his pursuit of truth, with undiminished ardor; questioning religion and philosophy, the christian and the pagan, the bigot and the infidel, for that concealed treasure which ever eluded his researches. The Bible was studied by him with deep interest and attention, and the character and precepts of the Saviour were held by him in high veneration. Generous and benevolent, as well by nature as from principle, he is said to have conformed his practice to the golden rule, in its most literal interpretation. It appears, however, that the Scriptures, considered as a divine revelation, presented obstacles to his subtle and speculative reason, which his faith was unhappily incapable of surmounting. It is to be regretted that Shelley's early errors of opinion had not been met by charitable forbearance and mild exhortation; the most effective weapons Christianity can employ in her holy warfare against scepticism and unbelief.

Perhaps it ought not to excite surprise, that a mind so peculiarly constituted as was that of Shelley, should in its first eager but unenlightened survey of life, have been betrayed into inconsequent reasoning, and have arrived at false deductions,—that it should have been darkened by doubts, and perplexed by apparent inconsistencies.

It appears from the tenor of his writings, that his mind was often exercised in speculations on the origin and existence of Evil—that difficult problem—that dark enigma! over which, every reflecting being has at some period of his existence, mused, until thought grew dizzy, and the mind was lost in a labyrinth of contradictory and perplexing speculations. This, with the apparently partial distribution of

happiness and of misery, appear to have been the principal obstacles to Shelley's faith. Yet he had a mind open to conviction; and had it not been confirmed in error by severity and intolerance;—had not his pride been interested in the support of those opinions for which he had incurred so much obloquy, he might, and doubtless would, have renounced them.

Reason and observation would have taught him the secrets of that divine alchemy by which apparent ills are transmuted into real blessings; and by which partial evil tends to the promotion of universal good. More enlightened views of the economy of nature would have prepared his mind for the reception of the divine truths of Revelation; and in every arrangement of Providence, he would have recognized unbounded benevolence and infinite wisdom.

Shelley was considered a profound metaphysician and an admirable classical scholar. He has clothed some of the beautiful speculations of the Grecian philosophers, in most exquisite verse; and has woven from their fine-drawn theories, a web so brilliant and so beautiful, that its dazzling splendor almost blinds us to its fragility. His glowing fancies were richly nourished by the pure naphtha of true poetic inspiration; and his keen relish for the charms of nature, enabled him to discover many remote analogies and latent sources of beauty, in objects that would have been passed unnoticed by common observers. His description of a poet, in "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," may well be applied to himself.

"By solemn visions, and bright, silver dreams,
His infancy was nurtured—Every sight
And sound, from the vast earth and ambient air,
Lent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips—and all of great
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew."

Almost all his poems appear to have had for their object the illustration of some philosophical or moral truth. His philanthropy led him earnestly to desire the reformation of all those errors which custom and authority alone have sanctioned, in religion, laws, governments and social conventions. And his firm belief in the perfectibility of human nature, and in the final prevalence on earth of virtue and of happiness over vice and misery, served faintly to cheer those moments of dejection, when the pressure of existing and present evil, and fearful doubts of the soul's immortality, weighed upon his mind.

He is said to have practised great self-denial in his mode of living; and to have been liberal, almost to a fault, in his charities. Emulation and ambition he appears to have considered as false principles of action. Revenge, and malice, and envy, found no place in his candid and gentle nature.—He condemned them as passions unfit to be harbored in the breast of a reflecting being. He constantly inculcated universal love and unbounded charity; and his writings are replete with passages like the following:

—"Justice is the light
Of love, and not revenge, and terror, and despite."

—"We should
Own all sympathies, and outrage none;
And live as if to love and live, were one."

In his preface to the tragedy of "The Cenci," observing on the mistaken idea entertained by Beatrice, in supposing that the crime of any individual could reflect dishonor on the innocent victim of that crime; he says; "No person can be truly dishonored by the guilt of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries, is kindness and forbearance, and an endeavor to convert the injurer from his dark passions, to truth and love." Who can contemplate such sentiments, without regretting that a heart so gentle, a soul so generous, should pass through life's weary pilgrimage, without the consolations of religion, the hope of immortality? Dangerous, indeed, is the gift of intellect, when it tempts its possessor to daring speculations and unhallowed researches: and too often does the unchastened desire of knowledge lead to errors more fatal than could have been encountered in the repose of unquestioning ignorance.

Montaigne has well expressed this truth, in one of his essays; though we might in vain seek to transmute the pecu-

liar force and expressiveness of his quaint and nervous diction, into an English translation. "Genius," he observes, "is a hazardous possession. It is seldom found united with circumspection and order. In my own time, I have observed all who were possessed of any rare excellence or extraordinary vivacity of intellect, indulge in some licence of opinion or of morals. Intellect is a piercing sword; dangerous even to its possessor, unless he knows how to arm himself with it discreetly and soberly. It is curious and eager: we may in vain seek to bridle and restrain it: we shall still find it escaping by its volatility, from the restraints of customs and of laws, of religions and of precepts, of penalties and of rewards." Shelley's intellectual history is a striking exemplification that "the tree of knowledge is not that of life:" of that first great truth taught in the garden of Eden,—that truth which had it been received on the word of God without a reference to stern experience, might have saved the human race from its inheritance of sorrow.

Early in life, Shelley married a very young and exquisitely beautiful woman:—but a dissimilarity of tastes, habits, and dispositions rendered their union unhappy; and they separated. Mrs Shelley subsequently committed suicide; and their two children were removed from their father's care, by the Lord Chancellor Eldon, on the plea of his incapacity to educate them in the truths of Christianity. These unhappy events preyed upon his feelings, and gave a blow to his constitution, from which it never entirely recovered. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he was again married to Mary Godwin, the daughter of William Godwin and of Mary Wolstonecraft. In her, were united with great kindness of heart and gentleness of disposition, all that power of intellect which she inherited as a birth-right from her celebrated parents. Shelley's affection for her, seems to have continued unabated during the remainder of his life; and forms the subject of some of his most sweet and touching verses.—Soon after their marriage, they resided for some time in Switzerland, near the lake of Geneva. Byron, who passed several months in their vicinity, has given a delightful description of those evenings of literary and social intercourse which he passed in their society. They afterwards repaired to Italy; and it was in that land of inspiration, that Shelley composed most of his poems. The last two months of his life were spent in tranquil happiness, on the borders of the Bay of Spezia, near those beautiful waters that were soon to overwhelm him in their treacherous bosom. But the closing scene of his life has been so touchingly described by Mrs Shelley, in her beautiful preface to the posthumous edition of his poems, that it were doing her an injustice, to relate it in any but her own affecting words.

"In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved, became his companions. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop, to the rocky caves that bordered it; and sitting beneath their shelter, composed the 'Triumph of Life,' the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place—the refined pleasure which he felt in the society of a few selected friends—our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life, one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there, were the happiest of his life. His health rapidly improved, and he was never better, than when I last saw him, full of spirits, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy. His vessel bore out of sight, with a favorable wind; and I remained waiting his return, by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him. He remained a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friends, and enjoying with keen delight, the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with Lieutenant Williams, the chosen and beloved partner of his pleasures and his fate, to return to us.—We waited for them in vain.—The sea, by its restless moaning, seemed to desire to inform us of that which we would not learn. A veil may be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of these moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed. Our seclusion—the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages—our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea—combined to imbue with strange horror, our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known

—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb—its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament; and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love which each voice expressed and each countenance demonstrated for him we had lost—not as I fondly hoped, forever. His elevated and unearthly nature is a pledge of the continuance of his being; although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes—they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall; and the world's sole monument is enriched by his remains.

EGERIA.

For the Literary Journal.

STANZAS.

"Why, then Farewell!"

Lo! the sweet Moonlight waketh on my dwelling!
List to the tale her dreamy voice is telling,

As silent thus I stand,
Without;—for I have left this holy place,
Henceforth my footsteps and my lot to trace,
Amidst some other land.

I sit no more in peacefulness or mirth,
By the still windows, or the kindly hearth,
In yonder heart-loved walls!
Of songs uplifted through the careless day,
Of light steps answering to the spirit's play,
No more the echo falls.

No sound upon the air, of bird nor leaf,
Such as the summer in her reign so brief,
Thrilleth withal each night;
Conjuring the soul on soft and stealing wings,
To visit blessedly the slumbering springs
Of many a past delight.

Winter abideth! fitting time for me
To feel the changes round yon halls that be;
Duly they do arise!
The tread of strangers where my days begun,
The twilight fire upon my own hearth-stone
Brightening in stranger eye!

Cold is the evening on thee, holy home!
Yearning and loving, I am hither come,
To walk beside thy door;
To clasp around thy faded hours gone by,
A morning wreath of freshest Memory,
Dewy forevermore!

To see the moonlight lie upon my dwelling,
To read the dream from her soft bosom swelling,
Though this should make me weep!
This voiceless dream and true,—true, of the hours
I have seen gathered from the sheltering bowers,
Of my first childhood's sleep.

Such make us silent: we arise and go,
Haunted, oh! haunted by the sunset glow,
From our lost eyes that fell!
To gilded images beneath it flying,
We lift but shadowed eyes and lips replying,
Through tears, that "it is well."

There is a voice I turn my face to hear,
When other gentleness nor hope is near,
And the world's ways seem lone;
Blessing it utters!—'t is the waking sound
Of lips which last from all my paths around,
Have into stillness gone!

There is a bosom earthly and beloved,
Whence my dear leaning hath not been removed
To a most broken rest!
Hereon is welcome fond and late received,
Hereon young prophecies beguiled, believed,
For mockery,—like the best!

Oh, on love's fountains yet within us springing,
See, what sweet flowers existence will be flinging,
Blossom and ripened bloom!
And so, with our hushed breath and throbbing pride,
We haste to follow them along life's tide,
Reckless of mortal doom.

ANNA.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

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NOTES ON STATUARY AND SCULPTURE.

NUMBER FIVE.

GRECIAN STATUARY; (continued.)—Ctesilaus.—The Dying Gladiator.—Scopas of Paros.—Polycles.—Lysippus and Praxiteles.—The Tarentine Jupiter, and the Hercules of Lysippus.—The Brazen Horses.—Comparison between Phidias and Praxiteles.—Artifice of Phryne.—The Barberini Faun and Thespian Cupid.—The Choan and the Gnidian Venus.—The Venus de Medicis.—The Apollo Belvidere.—Anecdote of President West.—Story of the French Girl.

Among the artists who were cotemporary with Phidias, the most distinguished was Ctesilaus, the reputed author of the noble statue, now in the Vatican at Rome, usually known as the "Dying Gladiator." Although the object which this represents, is doubtful, yet no one has ever questioned its surpassing merit; and by many, it is considered the finest male statue in the world. It is still entire, with the exception of the toes of both feet; which having been broken off, were restored, as it is supposed, by Michael Angelo. It has been frequently described; but no where so eloquently as in the posthumous work of the late Dr. John Bell, from which, however, we can only extract a single passage; referring to the original for a more full description.—He says; "Although not colossal, the proportions are beyond life. The forms are full, round and manly; the visage mournful, the lip yielding to the effect of pain; the eye deepened by despair; the forehead a little wrinkled; the hair clotted in thick, sharp, pointed locks, as if from the sweat of fight and exhausted strength. The body large; the shoulders square; the balance well preserved by the hand on which he rests: the limbs finely rounded: a full, fleshy skin covers all the body; the joints alone are slender and fine. No affectation of anatomy here: not a muscle to be distinguished; yet the general forms perfect as if they were expressed. The only anatomical feature discernible, is that of full and turgid veins, yet not ostentatiously obtruded; but seen slightly along the front of the arms and ankles, giving, like the clotted hair, proof of violent exertion."

After the works of Phidias, who left so little to be effected by his successors, the Grecian sculptures exhibit specimens, many of them of the most beautiful character, of a style embodying conceptions of more ideal beauty and grace. Among the artists of this period, were Scopas of Paros, who was one of the four masters employed on the Mausoleum or Tomb of Mausolus, in the year three hundred and seventy, before Christ; and is the reputed sculptor of the Venus in the Townley Collection, and of the celebrated Niobe now at Florence;—and Polyclesus, who is said to have executed an Ionic statue exhibiting the exact relative proportions of the human figure; in which he succeeded so admirably, that his work became the established "Canon," and was followed by almost all the succeeding artists of his country.

Of their immediate successors, we shall mention but two: Lysippus of Sicyon, and Praxiteles; both of whom, were cotemporary with Alexander the Great. Lysippus wrought only in bronze; and is said to have finished six hundred and ten different works; not one of which, is probably now in existence. His largest was the Tarentine Jupiter, of cast metal, sixty feet in height. One of his smallest was a Hercules, measuring but twelve inches; in which he is said to have embodied as much strength, dignity, and force of expression, as in the gigantic lineaments of the larger figure. One of his statues representing a young man preparing for exercise, or as some have contended, rubbing his limbs after the bath, was carried to Rome, during the reign of Augustus, and deposited in the Baths of Agrippa, and became one of the most valued ornaments of the city. It was afterwards removed to the imperial palace, by the Emperor Tiberius; but the Romans were so highly exasperated at being thus debared the privilege of viewing it at pleasure, that an insurrection was the consequence; which was not quelled until the statue was returned to its former place of deposit.

Chares, who, we are informed by Cicero, studied under

this distinguished master, was the author of the far-famed Colossus at Rhodes, which has been too often described, to need more than a simple reference.

Although no certain work of Lysippus remains, yet there are several extant which have been ascribed to him. One of these is the celebrated group called "The Brazen Horses of Lysippus," which were removed from Greece to Constantinople, by Theodosius the Younger; and brought thence, and deposited in Saint Mark's at Venice, in the year twelve hundred and four. Their authenticity is, however, very questionable.

Praxiteles, the description of whose labors forms a bright page in the history of ancient art, has been mentioned as the cotemporary of Lysippus and of Alexander the Great. His name has been associated with all that is delicate and beautiful in the productions of the chisel: but admirable as the works of this great master must have been, their true character, as well as that of the mind of their author, appears to have been generally misconceived. He has been represented as the inventor of a style of art, more perfect than that of any of his predecessors. This opinion is founded on an erroneous estimate of his comparative degree of merit. In all those combinations of strength and beauty which were drawn from real and existing models, the works of Phidias have ever been unrivalled. Allowing Praxiteles to have possessed equal qualifications for works of this character, still his great predecessor had already carried them to a point which could not at least, be surpassed. The latter artist must, therefore, be content to rank, in some degree, as an imitator of the former; or must seek some new path to excellence. He accordingly made no attempt at that stern and lofty expression which had characterized the works of Phidias; but sought to give his own a higher degree of intellectual beauty, embodied in form of superhuman dignity and grace. Such was the course which might naturally have been expected from a strong and aspiring mind, conscious of its great endowments and resources. The forms and features of the male figures of Praxiteles were in the highest degree noble and majestic; but it was not the majesty of mere human expression: and those of his females were the representations of spiritual and refined indeed, but yet soft and voluptuous, beauty.

His works, which do not appear to have been very numerous, were highly esteemed in his own day; and afterwards, owing to the state of public taste produced by the changes of society, were valued more than those of any of his predecessors.

The artifice of Phryne, a lady to whom he was attached, has often been narrated. The artist, as a proof of his affection, had offered her a choice from among the whole number of his statues. Unwilling, by an injudicious selection, to forfeit his good opinion of her taste; but still unable to decide which of them was most valuable; in order to ascertain his own opinion, she rushed into his apartment, in dissembled haste and alarm, with loud cries that the house was on fire. "Oh, save my Faun!—save my Cupid!" exclaimed the affrighted artist. The lady needed no further evidence of his opinion; and her choice was soon made.

There are now extant in Italy, two statues which are asserted to be the identical works thus highly prized by Praxiteles—the "Barberini Faun" and the "Thespian Cupid;"—but notwithstanding their extreme beauty and admirable workmanship, much doubt exists respecting their authenticity.

That gem of art, the Venus de Medicis, now in the gallery of Florence, has also been ascribed to Praxiteles. By the ancient writers, reference is often made to two of his statues, known as the Choan and Gnidian, or the draped and the nude Venus; which were considered the standards of ideal expression. In a fragment of one of the Greek poets, the goddess herself is represented standing before the latter, and exclaiming:

"My unveiled charms—The Phrygian swain,
And Dardan boy,—to those I've shown them—
And only those, of mortal strain:—
How can Praxiteles have known them?"

The Medicean statue may be the original, but is more probably a copy of the Gnidian Venus. It was found in the Villa of Adrian, at Tivoli, and brought to Florence, in 1689.

It is rather under the ordinary size of life: being four feet, eleven inches and eleven lines in height. It is mutilated; both arms having been broken and subsequently restored or renewed. But whether a copy, or an original conception, the effect which it produces on every spectator is the same; a sensation of delight and admiration, alloyed only by the consciousness that it must have been still more beautiful in its original state: for it is a fact, that among all the attempts of later artists even of the greatest merit, to renew the broken parts of the best Grecian statues, scarcely in a single instance has the exact conception of the original master been attained.

It is well known that immense prices have been offered and refused for this statue. The circumstances which have been related as attending one of these attempts at purchase, are curious, as illustrating the effect caused by its inspection. A finger of one of the restored hands is partially damaged. The injury is said to have been unintentionally caused in the following manner. A foreign nobleman, of immense wealth, having in vain solicited one of the Florentine princes to part with the Venus, finding that his repeated offers of large sums of money produced no effect, turned to the Italian, and said, "You possess her by purchase: I will claim her by a higher right—I will marry her." He then gravely took the hand of the statue, pressed a costly ring on her finger, repeated his marriage vows, and pronounced the marble goddess to be his "wedded wife." It was found impossible to remove the ring, without great danger of breaking the finger;—and there it was allowed to remain. It was, afterwards, stolen by a servant, who, in drawing it off, caused the existing injury.

Most of the athletic statues of marble which are still extant, are conjectured to be copies of bronze originals which were executed during the period between the time of Myron and that of Lysippus and Praxiteles. That noble relic of Grecian art, the Apollo Belvidere, is supposed to be a copy of a bronze of Lysippus; although it has, however, been considered an original work, and attributed to Agasias of Ephesus. It was discovered at Antium, early in the sixteenth century, in one of the palaces of the Roman Emperors.

The Apollo is one of the most admirable remains of ancient sculpture. He is represented holding in his left hand, a bow, the string of which has just been loosed by the right;—and is in the act of watching the flight of the arrow, with which he slew the serpent Python, for an insult offered to Diana. Conscious deity, contemptuous pride, and high resolve, are stamped on every feature and lineament of a form of more than mortal grace and beauty. With nothing unattained, nothing over-wrought, the full conceptions of his different contending passions and feelings are united in one complete and faultless whole.

An anecdote which has been often related of our celebrated countryman, the late President West, finely illustrates the force and truth with which the ideas of the sculptor were embodied in this figure. When the great painter first went to Italy, he had seen but few works of the ancient masters; and a desire was expressed by some of the artists and men of taste, to witness the effect which it was expected a first view of the Apollo would produce upon the strong but inexperienced mind of the young American. With this secret object, he was conducted to the gallery; and the doors which concealed the statue, were suddenly thrown open. Silent, speechless, he gazed upon it, for some moments; regardless of the watchful eyes of his companions: and seldom has a more forcible tribute been paid by living to departed genius, than that conveyed by the description which burst from his lips, in the unconscious exclamation—"How much he looks like a young Mohawk warrior!"

This statue, as is well known, was among the many works of art which fell into the hands of Napoleon, on the conquest of Italy, and was by him deposited in the Louvre at Paris. On its arrival in that city, it was borne through the streets, in a triumphal procession to its place of destination; and when the paintings and statues were taken from the Louvre by the allied sovereigns, after the abdication of the Emperor, its removal is said to have caused a greater sensation of regret among many of the Parisians, than even the surrender of their capital. But even this high admiration

speaks less forcibly than the recorded story of the French girl, to which a thrilling allusion has been made by Milman, in his noble lines on the Apollo. She had been observed standing daily, for hours, before the statue, gazing upon it with admiration. Her feelings, at length, grew into a perfect and uncontrollable passion, which rose almost to madness.

"Day after day, the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone; nor thought it solitude.
To cherish grief, her task—her dearest care,
Her one fond hope, to perish or despair.
Oft as the waning light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft, breathless, listening, heard, or seemed to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear:
Slowly she waned; and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone."

Her deep, silent affection became too powerful for her reason. Without any apparent cause of disease, she pined and wasted away, under the effects of this intense and burning passion. She frequently determined to see the statue no more; but strove in vain to tear herself from its all-absorbing fascination. She continued her visits; languished in a state of frenzied desperation; and actually died, a victim to the power embodied in the wondrous beauty of "the breathing stone."

G.

QUACKERY.

In "the good old times that are gone," which among a great deal that had become useless, have also carried away much that was valuable, intelligent and thinking men were sometimes so void of penetration and discernment, as to suppose, that knowledge was only to be acquired by study, and proficiency in any art, by practice. They lived on, in their simple and honest ignorance, without ever dreaming of the capacities of their own nature; expended years of toil, in acquiring those things which we know by intuition; and after laboring to a good old age, died, with a less amount of experience than is now possessed by our unweaned children. They—poor honest souls—never sailed in an iron steamboat, never travelled against time in a rail-road car, never went over a rainbow in a balloon, never slept on a gum elastic bag of wind, nor ground out caloric with a pair of cast-iron mill-stones. They could not compound patent pills which would cure all diseases:—they never made good gingerbread from saw-dust and cold water: they, in fact, knew little or nothing about any thing; and never did any impossible thing whatever.

But, seriously—in an age of improvement, when the spirit of enterprise is awakened, and is busily engaged in seeking greater facilities for its operations; when any scheme which holds forth the least probability of success, or offers any promise of utility, is sure to attract ready attention; and when any claim to superior skill, however silly and ridiculous it may be, finds among the thousand conductors of the public press, numbers who are silly and ridiculous enough to puff and praise it; there is nothing surprising in the fact, that public attention should continually be called, and public patronage demanded, to a train of fancied inventions and pretended improvements;—nor that many of these, however groundless, should be blazoned forth with a degree of confidence, which, under different circumstances, would be at once, rebuked into silence, for its unwarrantable boldness; or laughed at, for its unblushing and egregious folly.

This state of things, although it has in some respects tended to the advancement of Education, has nevertheless, caused many impediments to its regular and systematic progress. It is by no means strange, although it is very unfortunate, that so much gross pretension and downright charlatanism should be exhibited by many of those who undertake the work of public teachers. There is hardly a single branch of education, either useful or polite, in which instruction is not continually offered by those, who, if we are to judge of their competency by the tenor of their proposals and advertisements, are ignorant of the very nature of those things which they attempt to teach.

One makes his appearance, with a new system of mnemonics; and is fully competent to render any bad memory perfect;—merely requiring the pupil to first obtain somewhere,

a very retentive memory, in order that he may be able to recollect the interminable rules for the management of his defective one. Another requests the attention of an enlightened public, to his newly-invented box of wooden blocks; by the aid of which he undertakes to teach, and to render it plain to persons of any degree of capacity, that a piece of wood two inches in length, is just twice as long as a piece of one inch. Then come machines for reading, machines for spelling, and machines for teaching Grammar; whose "patentees and sole inventors" squabble and dispute for the meed of public favor; until each having assisted in making apparent the folly of the other, the whole are jostled from the stage, to give place to a new set of contrivances, of equal value and utility.

There is one branch of instruction, however, in which the good sense of the public has for a long time, been abused, and its credulity so often put to the test, that one might well suppose that the day must have arrived, when little need be said respecting it. We allude to the teaching of penmanship;—"practical penmanship," as it is now called; (we suppose that in old times, it never used to be practical; it being then probably all a matter of theory.) The newspapers throughout the country are continually filled with inflated advertisements and editorial puffs to match, detailing the unheard-of merits of new arts of penmanship, new methods of *caligraphy*, new systems of *chirography*, and new plans of *poikilographia*; until one almost forgets that any such thing as good, plain, round, fair, old-fashioned *hand-writing* was ever known. One invents a method of teaching, the object of which, as we are gravely told, "is to transfer to Writing, the free movements of Design;" and commences his operations, by tying the fingers of the pupil together by a complication of knots; thus giving a "free movement," by destroying the power of motion:—as if the beautiful and exquisite machinery of the human hand, and its wonderful and perfect adaptation to the purposes for which God intended it, could be improved by binding its joints and members into a cramped and inert mass, with a yard of tape. Another ridicules all this; as well he may:—but at the same time, gravely calls our attention to his own, newly-invented system, "by which the most illegible or cramped scrawl, however defective it may be, will be reformed into a style, at once bold, free, elegant, and expeditious, in ten lessons, one hour each," and "success guaranteed;"—gives notice that "strangers visiting the city can be finished in two days;" and hands us a circular, explaining the nature of this great invention, in some unintelligible and untranslatable jargon like this:

"This System is characteristic of the Mercantile, Record, and Epistolary styles; in which the elementary principles are systematized on Mathematical Data, unerring standard of uniformity and beauty, illustrated by three classes of words, to infinity, and confirmed by seven years' professional practice: effectual to form the hand of youth, and change the writing of grown persons to a systematic and an elegant facility."

With respect to those gentlemen who are now temporary residents in our city, for the purpose of giving instructions in penmanship, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we make no reference whatever to the actual qualifications of either of them; for with these we have at present, nothing to do. Each of them may be, and probably is, a competent teacher of his art. Each may be possessed of great qualifications,—very great, for aught that we know to the contrary. But every writing-master, as well as every other man of common sense, well knows, that the character of any individual's hand-writing is formed by *habit*;—the very meaning of which word implies continued practice: and that a pretence of radically reforming a bad hand, which has been formed by habit, and of bestowing a good one, which, must also be formed by habit; with a guaranty of success in every instance, by a few hours practice, is—pretence, and nothing more:—for, whoever promises to do this, undertakes to do what neither he, nor any other man, is capable of performing.

We repeat it, that these observations have no reference to the real merits, whatever they may be, of any individuals; but merely to the idle self-praise, the flippant boasting, and ridiculous presumption, which the proposals of many who come forward as instructors in this, as well as in other departments of education, too frequently exhibit.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE GASTRIC JUICE, AND THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION: by William Beaumont, M. D. Surgeon in the U. S. Army. Boston: Lilly, Wait & Co.—Many of our readers have already seen in the public journals, notices and statements relative to the general subject of this volume; the facts leading to the publication of which, are briefly these:—In the year 1822, while the author was attached to the garrison at Michilimackinack, Michigan, a young Canadian, named Alexis St. Martin, in the service of the American Fur Company, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, whereby a portion of the integuments and muscles of his left side, with a part of one rib was carried away, and a perforation made into the stomach itself. By great exertions, the life of the man was preserved; and in about a year afterwards, the wound had healed, still leaving an aperture through the side, into the stomach.

With this opportunity, afforded, as he remarks, by a concurrence of circumstances which probably can never again occur; the patient having regained his usual health and strength, in 1825, Dr. Beaumont commenced a series of gastric experiments; which were continued with several intermissions, from that time, until the year 1833. The experiments, more than two hundred in number, are fully detailed in the present volume; which also contains a treatise, embracing the conclusions drawn from them by the author.—The various experiments all appear to have been thoroughly performed, and their results are carefully and minutely recorded.

This book is evidently the work of a skilful and learned man; and contains much that is highly valuable to the physiologist and the medical practitioner; and indeed, every one who has any desire for scientific information, must be gratified at an opportunity of perusing it. Dr. Beaumont has thrown light upon a subject which has hitherto been one of much uncertainty; and respecting which, many contradictory theories have been advanced by writers of the greatest celebrity. One thing which is soon evident to a reader of his work, speaks much in its favor:—it is evidently not written for the purpose of establishing a preconceived theory of his own; but contains a plain and intelligible statement of facts, from which he leaves every reader to draw his own inferences.

THE YOUTH'S SKETCH BOOK;—AND THE CHILD'S GEN.—Each of these beautiful little Souvenirs deserves a separate notice:—but this our present limits will not permit.—They were both published in Boston, by Lilly, Wait & Co. Although intended as presents for children and youth, they are executed in a style not always equalled by the larger and more costly Annuals. Each of them is remarkable for the elegance of its typography, and contains a number of engravings which are worthy the examination of an amateur. In these respects, they altogether surpass any other juvenile publications which have issued from the American press.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNA will please accept our acknowledgements, which we hope she will give us opportunities of repeating.

The poem entitled "Rain-drops and Sunbeams," contains good thoughts, and a number of well-written stanzas. But in several places, the measure is defective, and the meaning is occasionally sacrificed to the rhyme. As a whole, it is too imperfect.

ON FILE, FOR INSERTION.

Stanzas: by A. E.

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SELECTIONS.—Supposed Discovery of the Cause of the Asiatic Cholera.—Selections from Lord Bacon.—The Whale. Poetry.—Sublime of Love.—On the Death of a Beloved Wife.—A Night Scene.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A SHORTE AND SWEETE SONNET, ON
THE SUBTLETIE OF LOVE.

BY CORNELIUS MAY.

You cannot barre Love out,
Father, mother, and you alle;
For marke mee, he's a crafty boy,
And his limbes are very smalle.
He's lighter than the thistle-downe—
He's fleetier than the dove—
His voice is like the nightingale's—
And oh! beware of Love!

For Love can masquerade,
When the wisest doe not see—
He has gone to marry a blessed sainte,
Like a virgin devotee—
He has stolen through a convent grate,
A painted butterfly—
And I've seene in many a mantle's fold,
His twinkling, roguish eye.

He'll come, doe, what you will:
The Pope can't keepe him oute;
And, of late, he's learnt such evil waies,
You must hold his oathe in doute.
From the lawyers, he has learned
Like Judas, to betray:
From the monkes, to live like martyred saintes;
Yet cast their soules awaye.

He has beene at Courte so long,
That he weares the courtier's smile—
For every maide, he has a lure;
For every man, a wile.
Philosophers and alchymistes,
Your idle toil give o'er—
Young Love is wiser than ye alle;
And teaches ten times more!

Strong barres and boltes are vaine
To keepe the urchin in:
For while the gaoler turned the keye,
He would trap him in his gin!
You neede not hope, by maile of prooffe,
To shun his cruell date:
For he'll change himself to a shirt of maile,
And lye next to your heart!

More scathful than an evill eye;
Than ghost or grammerie—
Not seventy times seven holy priestes
Could laye him in the sea!
Then, father, mother, cease to chide:
I'll doe the best I maye—
And when I see young Love coming,
I'll up, and run awaye!

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

BY HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER; BORN 1591, DIED 1633.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted:
My last good night!—Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry pay body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee, with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn, I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale!

From Southey's "Roderick."

A NIGHT SCENE.

Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams:
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

The silver cloud, diffusing, slowly passed:
And now, into its airy elements
Resolved, is gone; while through the azure depth,
Alone in heaven, the glorious moon pursues
The course appointed; with indifferent beams,

Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still,
The fires have mouldered, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times, a red and evanescent light,
Or, for a moment, wakes a feeble flame.
They, by the fountain, hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter, reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and poured
To the cold moon, a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new born day. The deep and thrilling song
Seemed with its piercing melody, to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison,
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendor of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay,
Came to them like a copious evening dew,
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

THE WHALE.—From what I am able to learn of the Natural History of the Whale, she brings forth her young seldom more than one at a time in the northern regions, after which, with the calf at her side, the mother seeks a more genial climate, to bring it to maturity. They generally reach Bermuda about the middle of March, where they remain but a few weeks, after which they visit the West-India Islands, then bear away to the Southward, and go round Cape Horn, returning to the Polar seas by the Aleutian islands and Behring's Straits, which they reach in the following summer; when the young whale, having acquired size and strength in the Southern latitudes, is enabled to contend with his enemies in the North, and here also the dam meets her mate again. From my own experience and the inquiries I have been enabled to make, I am tolerably certain that this is a correct statement of the migration of these animals, annually making the tour of the two great American continents, attended by their young.

The "maternal solicitude" of the whale, makes her a dangerous adversary, and many serious accidents occur in the season for catching whales. On one occasion, I had nearly paid with my life for the gratification of my curiosity. I went in a whaleboat rowed by colored men, natives of the islands, who were very daring and expert in this pursuit. We saw a whale, with her calf, playing around the coral rocks; the attention which the dam showed to its young, the care she took to warn it of danger, was truly affecting. She led it away from the boat, swam around it, and sometimes she would embrace it with her fins, and roll over with it in the water. We contrived to get the "vantage ground" by going to seaward of her, and by that means, drove her into shoal water among the rocks. At last, we came so near the young one, that the harpooner poised his weapon, knowing that the calf once struck, the mother was our own, for she would never desert it. Aware of the danger and impending fate of its inexperienced offspring, she swam rapidly round it, in decreasing circles; evincing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety; but her parental admonitions were unheeded, and it met its fate.

The boat approached the side of the younger fish, and the harpooner buried his tremendous weapon deep in the ribs. The moment it felt the wound, the poor animal darted from us, taking out an hundred fathom of line; but a young fish is soon conquered when once well struck; such was the case in this instance; it was no sooner checked with the line, than it turned on its back, on the surface of the water, floating a lifeless corpse. The unhappy parent with an instinct always more powerful than reason, never quitted the body.

We hauled in upon the line, and came close up to our quarry, just as another boat had fixed a harpoon into the mother. The tail of the furious animal descended with irresistible force upon the very centre of our boat, cutting it in two, and killing two of the men; the survivors took to swimming for their lives, in all directions. The whale went in pursuit of the third boat, but was checked by the line from the one that had struck her: she towed them at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour; and had she had deep water, would have taken the boat down, or obliged them to cut away from her.

The two boats were so much employed, that they could not come to our assistance for some time, and we were left to our own resources much longer than I thought agreeable. I was going to swim to the calf whale; but one of the men advised me to not to do so, saying that the sharks would be "as thick around him as the lawyers round Westminster Hall;" and that I should certainly be snapped up, if I went near: for my comfort he added, "these devils seldom touch a man, if they can get anything else." This might be very true; but I must confess, that I was very glad to see one of the boats come to our assistance, while the mother whale, encumbered with the heavy harpoon and line, and exhausted with the fountain of black blood which she threw up, drew near to her calf, and died by its side; evidently, in her last

moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than of herself.

As soon as she had turned on her back, I had reason to thank the "Mudian" for his good advice; there were at least thirty or forty sharks assembled round the carcasses; and as we towed them in, they followed. When we had grounded them in the shallow water, close to the beach, the blubber was cut off; after which, the flesh was given to the black people, who assembled in crowds, and cut off with their knives large portions of the meat. The sharks as liberally helped themselves with their teeth: but it was very remarkable, that though the black men often came between them and the whales, they never attacked a man. This was a singular scene; the blacks with their white eyes and teeth, hallooing, laughing, screaming, and mixing with numerous sharks—the most ferocious monster of the deep—yet preserving a sort of truce during the presence of a third object: it reminded me, comparing great things with small, of the partition of Poland.—From "The Naval Officer."

Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning, than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope: and as the student often promises no other reward to himself, than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude, the timidity of reclusive speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven, by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration.

Human Life is like a ferry-boat. He who pays, goes out of it with approbation; but he who passes on the other side, without once reflecting that he shall be made debtor on his passage, and parts not with his pence, must look out sharp, lest he be kicked out of the boat. So in Life; he who does enough to pay Society for the benefits he receives, pays his two pence, and goes off; but he who regards his own happiness as connected with the community; or in other words, gives the ferry-man a shilling; will insure to himself a safe and easy passage.—He shall know the joys of Benevolence.

Dr Blair, when concluding a public discourse, in which he had descanted with his usual eloquence, on the amiableness of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe:—"O virtue, if thou wert embodied; all men would love thee." His colleague, the Rev R. Walker, ascended the same pulpit on the subsequent part of the same Sabbath; and addressing the congregation, said, "My reverend friend observed in the morning, that if virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue has been embodied: but how was she treated? Did all men love her? No; she was despised and rejected of men; who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her, between two thieves."

A tiresome tragedy was performed one night, which Garrick had sustained to nearly the close; when, in the unfortunate words of his bard, he, as a dying king, exclaimed,

"Jointly on you my sons, my crown devolves."

—On which a very tall man, standing in the pit, near the orchestra, turning round; with a sarcastic smile, to the audience, instantly rejoined—"Gad's me; that's just one half crown apiece!" The effect of this repartee was electrical; and not another syllable of the tragedy was ever heard again!

The first duel that was ever fought in the Union, was in New England. In 1621, a year after the first settlement of these States, two servants, burning with fierce resentment against each other, chose what was then called the "honorable way" in France and England, of quenching their enmity. They met on the field—bravely fought—but both escaped unhurt. The Puritans of those days instantly seized them, and for such "a misleidyng and ungodlie crime against the peace and good order of their societies," they condemned the wicked transgressors to be tied hand and foot, and to wholly abstain, for the space of twenty-four hours, from drink and food.

It is a Spanish maxim, that he who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he that loseth his spirits, loseth all.

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